

SONNET LXV I 1 I.



OULD GOD (when I beheld thy  
beauteous face, And golden tresses  
rich with pearl and stone)!

MEDUSA'S visage had appeared in place,  
With snaky locks, looking on me alone !  
Then had her dreadful charming looks me  
changed Into a senseless stone. O, were  
I senseless ! Then rage, through rash  
regard, had never ranged ; Whereas to  
Love, I stood disarmed and fenceless\* Yea,  
but that divers object of thy face **In** me  
contrarious operations wrought. A moving  
spirit pricked with Beauty's grace. No  
pity's grace in thee ! which I have sought:  
Which makes me deem, thou did'st  
MEDUSA see ! And should thyself, a moving  
marble be»

SONNET LXIX.



HE leafless branches of the lifeless  
boughs, Carve Winter's outrage in their  
withered barks : The withered wrinkles  
in my careful brows, Figure from whence they  
drew those crooked marks! Down from the  
Thracian mountains, oaks of might And lofty  
firs, into the valley fall: Sure sign where  
BOREAS hath usurped his right; And that, long  
there, no Sylvans dally shall. Fields, with  
prodigious inundations drowned ; For  
NEPTUNE'S rage, with AMPHITRITE weep. My  
looks and Passions likewise shew my wound;  
And how some fair regard did strike it deep.  
These branches, blasted trees, and fields so  
wat' red; For wrinkles, sighs, and tears,  
foreshew thine hatred !